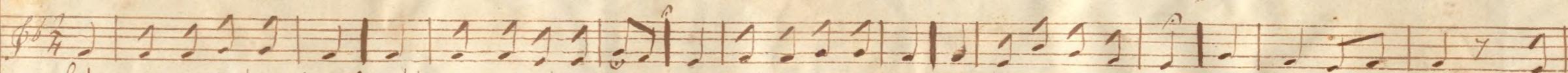
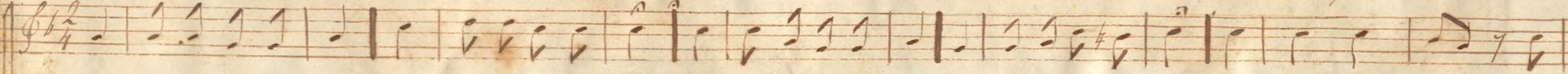


Slow.

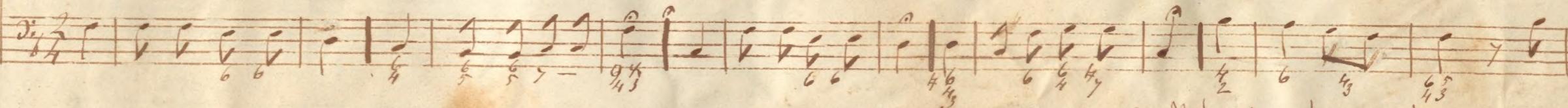
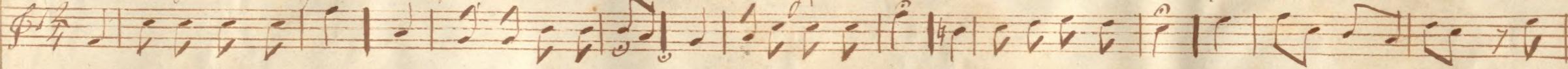
Kentbury. H. M. no 4688245.8

Haydn.

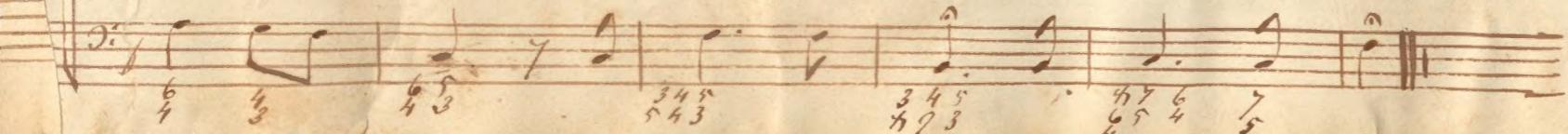
64



1 Let every creature join to bless Jehovah's name; And every power unite to swell th' extat'd themes; Let nature raise, from



every tongue, A gen... eral song Of grateful praise.



2 But, O, from human tongues Should nobler praises flow; And every thankful heart With warm devotion glow; Your voices raise, Above the rest Be highly blest; Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God; My heart, my voice inspire; Then shall I humbly join The universal choir; Thy grace can raise, And tune my song My heart and tongue, To lively praise.

Hollingsworth H. Mor 4 63.8.2 H.S.

Fawcett.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladness column sounds; Let all the nations know To earth's remotest boundz;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home,  
The year of jubilee is come; The year of jubilee is come,

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Hebron H. M. or 465.824.5.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on aged paper. It consists of five staves of music. The top three staves are vocal parts: Soprano (treble clef), Alto (bass clef), and Tenor (bass clef). The bottom two staves are for the piano: Bass (bass clef) and Treble (treble clef). The music is in common time, with various key signatures and time signatures indicated by symbols like G, F, C, and 2/4. The vocal parts sing in unison, while the piano parts provide harmonic support. The lyrics are written in cursive ink and are repeated multiple times across the staves. The first set of lyrics is: "Rejoice the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore: Mortals give thanks and sing. And triumph ever... more." The subsequent sets of lyrics are variations of "Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, I say, rejoice, Rejoice again I say rejoice." The piano parts include bass lines and harmonic chords. The score is divided into sections labeled "Verse" and "Chorus".

Rejoice the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore: Mortals give thanks and sing. And triumph ever... more.

Voice. Chorus.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, I say, rejoice, Rejoice again I say rejoice.

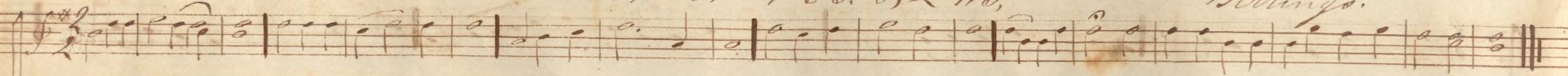
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, I say, rejoice, Rejoice again I say rejoice.

Inst.

Voice. Lift up your voice. Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Rejoice again I say, rejoice.

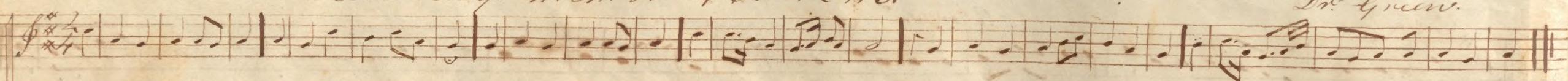
Aukerst. H. M. or 4 G.S. & 2 H.S.

Billings.

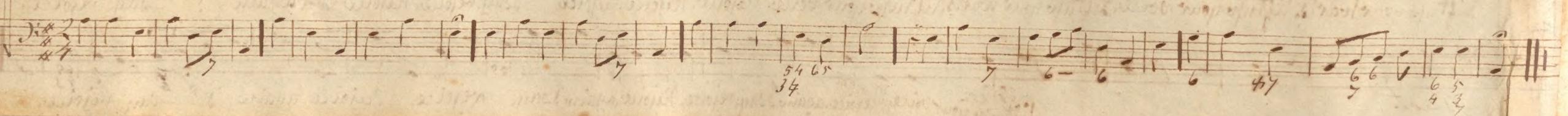


Bethesday. H. M. or 4 G.S. & 2 H.S.

Dr. Green.



The Lord, Jehovah reigns; His throne is built on high; His garments he assumes Are light and majesty. His glories shine with beams so bright. No mortal eye can bear the sight.



Cincinnati H.M. or 46882418

Turkast.

Pia. 111.

Fork.

1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy,  
Roll over the heavenly plains, And seraphs find employ, For their sub-lim-est strains. Some new delight in heaven is known.

2. Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh, The joyful hosts descend; Jesus forsakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend; He comes to bless our fallen race.

3. Bear bear, the tidings roamt Let every mortal know, What love in God is found, What pity he can show, The winds that blow, the waves that roll, Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

Some new delight in heaven is known, Doubting the harps around the throne, Doubting the harps around the throne,

He comes to bless the fallen race, He comes with messages of grace, He comes with messages of grace.

4. Strike, strike, the harps again, Doth not the joyful strain; Arise ye sons of men, Angels and men, wake every string, Join earth and heaven his praises sing.

Weymouth. H.M. or 46 S. & 2 H.S.

Chorus. W. Harrison.

Verso.

Accord.

All hail, triumphant Lord, Who sav'd us by thy blood: With be thy name a... dorid, ... Show rising, reigning God.

Verso.  
Accord.

Chorus.

With thee we rise, With thee we reign, And empires gain, Beyond the skies. With thee we rise, With thee we reign, And empires gain, Beyond the skies.

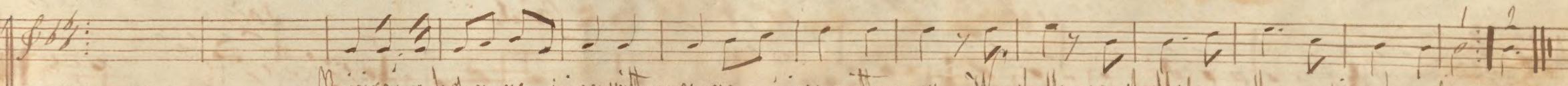
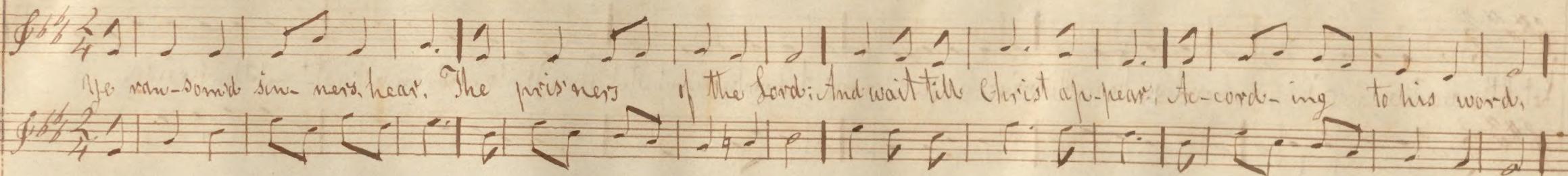
" 1 . . . 20 N. 8 0 4-1846's.

Maxim

Burnham H. M. or 46's. 862 H.S.

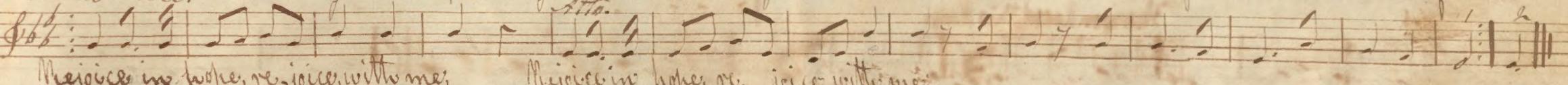
chorus.

Clark



Second Treble.

Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me, re-joice with me! We shall; we shall from all our sins be free.



Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me,

Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me!



Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me, re-joice with me! We shall; we shall from all our sins be free.



we, each  
proper  
proper  
tion  
and love.  
and love.  
and love.  
and love.  
and love.

Groce: H. M. or 4 6's. 8's. 4's.

His saints shall raise his hon'ors high.  
Let all the nations fear; The God who rules a-bove: He brings his people near, And makes them taste his love, While earth and sky at-tunst his praise.

Allegro.

Triumph. H. M. or 4 6's. 8's. 4's.

Lochart.

The wonders of this day,  
A wake our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful bands; Our no-bled songs demands; Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

unison.

Mackias. S.P.M. or. 2 4's. 8 4 6's.

Maxim

How pleasant 't is to see, Kindred and friends agree;

Each in their proper station move, each

How pleasant 't is to see, Kindred and friends agree,

Each in their proper station move, each in their proper

\* \* Each in their proper station move, each in their proper sta...tion

in their proper station move, And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

station move, And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

station move, And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

move, And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

Dalston. S.P. M. or. 24's. 8446's.

A. Williams.

Handwritten musical score for Dalston, S.P. M. or. 24's. 8446's. The score consists of four staves of music in common time, featuring various note heads and rests. The vocal line includes lyrics in parentheses: "How dear & blessed was I, To hear the people cry, 'Come, let us seek our God today; Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll hasten to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.'

Woodland. G.P. M. or. 34's. 246's.

Verso.

Chorus.

Handwritten musical score for Woodland. G.P. M. or. 34's. 246's. The score features three staves of music in common time. The vocal line includes lyrics: "There is an hour o' peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers giv'n; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found alone in heaven." The second staff begins with a different melody: "There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is dear, 'tis heaven."

J. Bennett

Uphill playing. Intermission of Sings 11<sup>th</sup>.  
Time. Bass. Dime. Verse. Dime.

It gain returns the day of the lyre which, when he made the world, gave the world; O then like his own, he bade our bar-tots cease,

Let us de-vote this con-se-cre-ted day, To learn his will, and all we learn e-day; So shall we hear, when fer-vent-ly we raise  
Mother in hear'ng! in whom our hopes con-fide! Those low'r defend us, and shad of night guide: In life our guard, and in death our friend:

And all be pi-ety, and all be peace,  
Our super-flu-o-tions, and our songs of praise.  
My supreme or thine, till time shall end. Verse.

What soft de-light the peacful even-ning warms,  
There woodbine, am-bius-ping in dove round,  
There nature rests in all her cer-nel charms, & round the beauti-ous landscape smiles serine, And round with voice of glee the love-ly lute.

She kindles the pine with humble bau-ties robed, the fragrant tribes display their rich bloom, Through my airy whisper breath the sun.

*Take Sabbath from Sorrow.* 4 Lines. 10's.

Gently, p.

Arranged from a French Chant.

Allegretto.

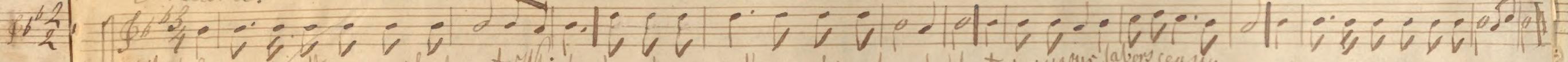
*Savannah.* 4 Lines. 10's.

Play it.

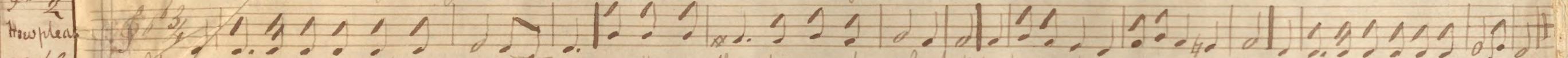
realm above,

Andante.

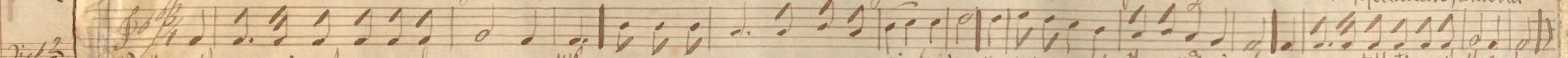
Sabbath 4 Lines 10<sup>d</sup>.



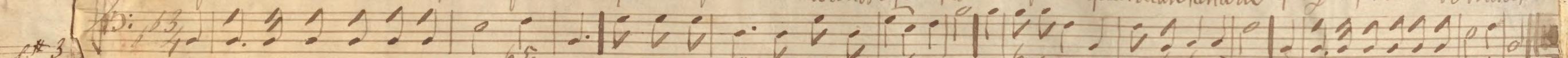
1. Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blesst; And then, like his own he had, Whid all his purity, and all his peace.



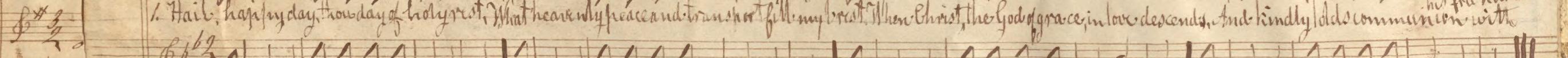
2. Let us adore this con-ser-crat-ed day, To learn his will, and all we learn obey: So shall he hear, when fervently we raise, Our sub-cep-tion, and our songs of pra-ces.



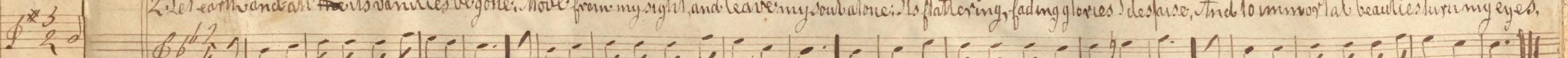
3. Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide, Whose power defend us, and whose precepts guide: In life our guardian, and in death our friend; Till time shall end, glory to us come be thine.



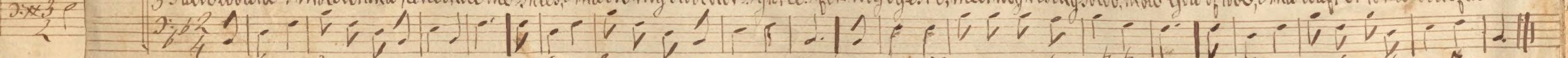
1. There is no man, who, when he sees me, But loves me; there is no man, who, when he sees me, But loves me.



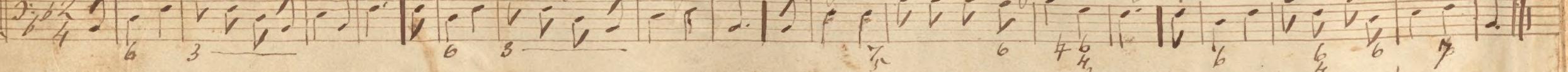
1. Hail, happy day, thou day of holy rest, What heavenly peace and tran-quillity fill my breast! When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends, And kindly I do communien with him friends.



2. Let earth and all its vanities be gone: Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone: Its flattering, fading glories I despise, And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.



3. Fair would I mount and penetrate the skies, And on my Savior's glories fit my eyes: O, meet my rising soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the blissful



calms above,

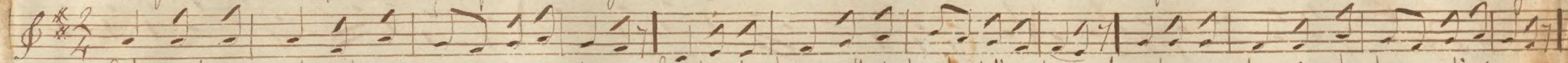
Allegretto.

Fa loom. 2/10.8. & 2. 11.8.

Monart.



1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid: Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing.



2. Bold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, An-gels a-dore him in slumber reclining.



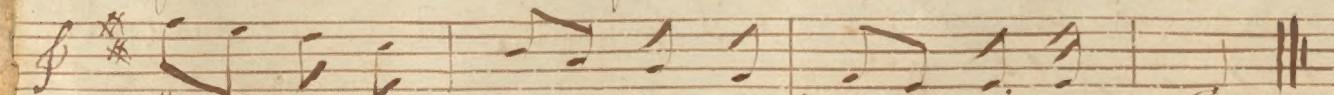
3. Lay, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Eden and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Amyrth from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Guide where the in-fant Me-de-mer is laid.



Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;

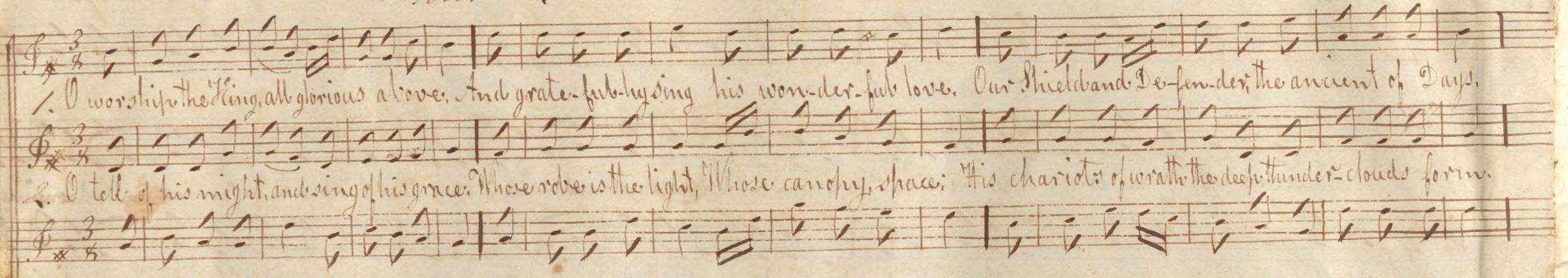
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;

Richest by far is the heart's adoration;

Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.

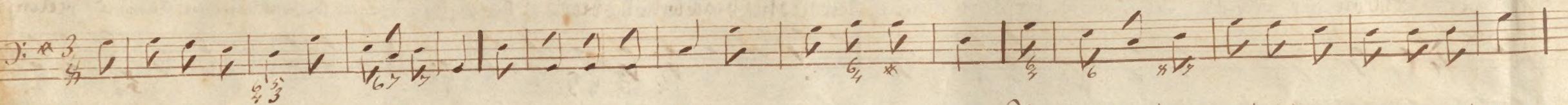


Solo. 2 H.S. & 2 H.S.



1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And gratefully sing his won-der-ful love. Our Shield and De-fen-der the an-cient of Days.

2. O tell of his might, and sing of his grace. Where robe is the light, Whose can-ny, shace; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form.



3. Thy boun-tiful care, what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air; it shines in the light,

Pavil-ioned in splendor, and girded with praise, Pavil-ioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,

And sweetly dis-lits in the dew and the rain.

And dark is his path on the wings of the storm; And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

4. Fraib children of dust, and feeble as fraib,

To thee do we trust, nor find thee to faib;

Thy mer-cies how ter-ber! how firm to the end!

Our Father, De-fender, Redeemer, and Friend,

